DEBUT TO SET SOCIETY PACE

Washington Agog Over Functions for Miss Margaret Draper

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.—A new mark for lavishness and splendor is expected to be set for society by the entertainment to be given by Mrs. William F. Draper tomorrow night to introduce formally her daughter, Miss Marguerite Draper, who is a close friend of Miss Helen Taft. The function will take the form of a fancy dress cotillon. Several hundred guests have been invited, among them the socially elect of Washington and others from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities.

It is estimated that the cost of the function will exceed $25,000. The walls and ceiling of the large ball room will be hidden from view entirely by the floral decorations. Living humming birds brought from Florida and butterflies from California will fly around the miniature garden of daisies and rare exotics that is to be the central feature of the decorative scheme. The favors have been carefully kept from view and much mystery surrounds them. They are said to be the most numerous and valuable ever given at a Washington cotillon.

Miss Marguerite Draper, who is to make her formal bow to society, is popularly known as the richest unmarried woman in Washington. She inherited from her father, the late General William F. Draper, representative from Massachusetts and later ambassador to Italy, a fortune of $5,000,000. She was to have been brought out here two years ago, but the death of her father made a postponement necessary and Miss Draper has spent the intervening time in European travel with her mother. She already has been presented at the court of St. James and has had considerable experience in social life in England and on the Continent. She is the namesake and goddaughter of Queen Margherita of Italy, who presented her with one of her famous pearls as the nucleus of a necklace. The stone given by the Queen has been equalled by others, which have been added by Miss Draper's parents and the young woman's string of pearls is said to be one of the finest and most valuable owned by any woman in America.

Age of Organization.

New Boarder—Well! well! This is the first place I've struck where they have preserved strawberries and peach jam instead of stewed prunes.

Old Boarder—All owing to organization, my boy. We boarders have a mutual protective association, with iron-clad rules and heavy penalties.

"O, ho! You kicked against prunes, did you?"

"Not much we didn't. We passed a law that whenever prunes came on the table every member should eat a quart or pay a $10 fine. That settled it. The landlady found prunes too expensive."—New York Weekly.

To End Log Rafts.

Columbia rivermen believe that the recent disasters overtaking a number of the ocean-going log rafts which were being sent from the river to California have been the means of sounding the doom of this method of shipping lumber down the coast. In support of this conclusion it is pointed out that the steamer Carlos, on her last trip took out a deckload of piling from Stella. Heretofore the great bulk of the piling from that point has been shipped to California in the form of rafts.—Shipping Illustrated.

Don't forget the big Farmer's dance Friday night, W. O. W. Hall. Prizes to best couple. Jesse's orchestra. 46-3c

SELECTED AS HEAD OF PRINCETON

Dr. John Miller Turpin Finney, who has been selected as president of Princeton university, is a Baltimore surgeon whose professional fame is more than country-wide. The son of Rev. Ebenezer Finney, a Presbyterian clergyman. He was born in 1863. He was graduated from Princeton in 1884, and from the medical school at Harvard in 1889. In both institutions he was prominent in athletics. Dr. Finney married Miss Mary E. Gross, nineteen years ago, and they have a family of three boys and one girl.

CHINA AT CLOSE RANGE

We were standing at the end of the car, our arms laden with coats, umbrellas and cameras, awaiting the slowing down of our train at Tung Chow station, where vulgar impetus roughly impacted us against the door.

Our friend, an enthusiastic first-rider, smelling an accident, extricated himself from the press and hurried forward, only to find a poor bumpkin lying beside the track minus five toes. The engineer explained that this man had stood on the track grinning at the locomotive until topped over by the cowcatcher, notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the fireman, who had pulled the whistle rope with one hand and strewn coal upon him with the other.

A peculiar thrill attends the pulling out from the railroad and the plunge into the interior. Even the old mules start more briskly at the first few cracks of the whip. The jabbering of the bystanders and the snarling of the curs have the same exhilarating effect on the mental tension as the Chinese firecrackers on the brass band on the German steamers.

Four Cents to Cross a River.

Tung Chow claims the name of Port of Pekin, because it is the head of navigation on the small river which connects with the great canal. Before the railroad was built all of the tribute rice used to be disembarked here and hauled overland to the capital. The river is a mere stream, yet, as there is no bridge, we were obliged to hire two ferry boats and twenty men (all for the equivalent of 4 cents) to take us across, with our carts, mules, donkeys and riding pony.

Find Pigs in the Parlor.

The houses are all on about the same pattern, built of mud and straw. Their yards are enclosed by fences of kaoliang stalks, woven in various designs, resembling the paper mats made in our kindergartens. At each gate is to be seen a black pig, half a dozen naked children and an old grandmother smoking her pipe. New Year's pods adorn the gate posts, and overhead hangs a cage from which floats the melodious notes of a Mongolian lark.

As we neared the Ping-gu-Hsien (Flat Valley City) we left the green wheat fields behind and found ourselves on a quivering, fiery desert—not a house in sight, not a tree, only sand. Suddenly there appeared on the horizon a deep yellowish cloud, extending widely from the northwest to the south, from the darkened earth, way up high above the 4 o'clock sun.

Our pack train, the donkey boys, everything about us, became tinged a fulvous hue. Our guide, a great hulking lad, displayed considerable nervousness, at which I was surprised, for one becomes inured to dust storms in North Chihli. Each succeeding minute the wind increased in force; great blasts of air drove the sharp sand against our faces until swelling tears washed their way down our cheeks. I began to feel a bit uncomfortable myself.

Now the yellow cloud in the west gradually became darker and darker until it was transformed into the most ominous blackness. It was surely moving toward us with greater rapidity. Instinctively we slipped from our beasts and crouched beside them. My animal was shaking like a leaf, too frightened even to whinny. The air was heavily charged with electricity. We tingled all over.

Appeasing the Devils.

In the twinkling of an eye, just as we expected to be sanded under, the whole scene changed. The storm seized the great dark cloud as by a mighty hand and twisted it around into a whirling column, twenty yards in diameter, standing for a moment with perfect perpendicularity. Then, little by little, it leaned forward and, like a great specter, it swept by us, passing so near that tangential parles struck us with incredible force. When a mile away it unwrapped its shroud and collapsed directly across our road. The donkey boy bent over, scooped up a handful of sand and tossed it to the dying wind. All was still!

It was some time before we could speak. Then I asked the boy why he threw the sand. He replied, in little more than a whisper, that the sand-spout was the most voracious of all the devils. That unless it was appeased it might arise directly under us, hurling us in the air as a hound does a rabbit. I believe, had I been alone, I should have cast a little sand myself. Later, when he beheld the hundreds and hundreds of tons of sand piled up where the stack had fallen I realized wherein our great danger had been. Had the great mass fallen on us we should have been buried twenty feet under.

Throughout the afternoon we were climbing and by nightfall we found ourselves at a most charming Buddhist temple. Cinan Ling Miao is 1200 feet above the wild gorge, on an overhanging rock, backed by a dense grove of cedars. The temple is 500 years old and looks across the great wall. What bloody scenes the priests of old must have witnessed from their watch tower as the rapacious invadors slaughtered their flocks below.

Thwing and I were armed with two letters from Pekin, which worked like magic. One was addressed to the general in charge of the forces which guard the Tung Ling or eastern tombs, where the late empress dowager, Tsu Hsi, is buried; the other to the Tartar general at Jehol. When, therefore, we were within ten li of General Su's camp we sent forward our large Chinese cards, with the first letter, we ourselves following slowly on our donkeys.

Everything had been prepared for our arrival, word having been sent of our journey by special courier from Pekin. So we remained in our saddles until we had passed the imposing gateway and entered the large outer court. This yard was lined with sheds for the accommodation of scores of horses and had, down the center, a stone feeding trough over twenty feet long, cut from a single block.

Are Good Liars.

On leaving the yard we passed through the kitchen and living apartments of the manciple; thence into a most lovely garden containing several weird dwarf trees, a rockery and a miniature lake, running water and glittering goldfish. This tiny paradise is the inner court, from which there are several exits, one leading to the temple proper, with the priest quarters; another to the hall of documents, and a third to a cloistral inclosure, with buildings on three sides. These buildings are for the reception and entertainment of big hofficials when passing through this part of the country.

Of all men under the sun, the Chinese gentleman makes the most delightful, the most plausible, the most elegant liar. In differing from him one feels positively uncivil. With a charming frankness and winning logic he will affirm what he knows to be directly contrary to the fact, and then, without the slightest compunction, but always with some face-saving pretext, he will swing around and declare the opposite to the true.

The western world has reached the stage of development where we look for causes. We refuse to judge one for the result of his act until we have carefully examined into the setting. One man kills another. Shall he be hanged for premeditated murder, sentenced to life imprisonment for manslaughter, given ten years, or lauded as a hero of self-defense?

Many foreigners have made failures in China, good and earnest men though they be, because they have not the acumen to acquire the Chinese viewpoint. They have condemned all alike by their acts. Courage and cowardice, virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, are results of distinct yet various causes, as much in China as elsewhere.

Most heathen Chinese do lie—but why? Ask the man in the field which road to take to such and such a village. He will invariably say he doesn't know or that he is a stranger. Both of these answers are untruths and seemingly very silly, senseless ones. The man has probably been brought up in a worthy family. From his childhood he has been taught the beauty of truth. Does he lie because he is inherently bad? Not a bit of it. He hates his lie as much as you would. It is merely self-defense.

TEXAS FARMER GETS BIG POTATO RETURN.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.—In a recent official statement issued by Director Durand of the Bureau of Census in regard to the potato crop of the United States, it is shown that the land in potatoes increased from 2,939,000 acres in 1899 to 3,669,000 acres in 1909, an increase of 730,000 acres, or 24.8 per cent.

Potatoes are extesively raised in all sections of the country. An increase in acreage was noted in all the geographic divisions.

In Texas in 1909, 36,092 acres of land were devoted to potatoes against 21,810 acres in 1899, an increase of 14,282 acres, or 65.5 per cent. The production in 1909 was 2,235,984 bushels as compared with 1,342,318 bushels in 1899, a nincrease of 893,667 bushels, or 66.6 per cent. In 1909 the crop was valued at 1,825,150 against $725,145 in 1899, an increase of $1,100,005 or 151.7 per cent.

The Texas farmer sold his potatoes in 1899 at 54 cents per bushel. In 1909 they brought him 81 cents, an increase of 27 cents per bushel, or 50 per cent.

In 1909 the land devoted to potatoes yielded a return of $50.57 per acre in Texas against $45.36 per acre in the United States as whole, an excess in favor of Texas of $5.21 or 11.5 per cent.

Big Farmers Ball; must have costumes to dance; Jesse's orchestra. 46-3c